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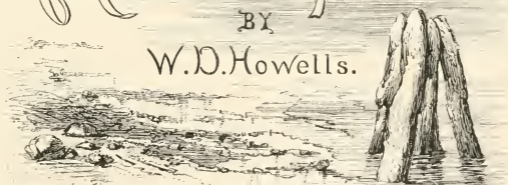




NO LOVE LOST:
A Romance of Travel.

BY

W. D. Howells.



G. P. Putnam & Son N. Y.

NO LOVE LOST

A ROMANCE OF TRAVEL

BY

W. D. HOWELLS

AUTHOR OF "VENETIAN LIFE," ETC.

NEW YORK

G. P. PUTNAM & SON 661 BROADWAY

1869



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W. D. HOWELLS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

THE NEW YORK PRINTING COMPANY,
81, 83, and 85 Centre Street,
NEW YORK.



NO LOVE LOST

A ROMANCE OF TRAVEL

BERTHA — *Writing from Venice.*

I.

ON your heart I feign myself fallen —
ah, heavier burden,
Darling, of sorrow and pain than ever
shall rest there! — I take you
Into these friendless arms of mine, that you
cannot escape me —

Closer and closer I fold you and tell you
all, and you listen
Just as you used at home, and you let my
sobs and my silence
Speak, when the words will not come — and
you understand and forgive me.
— Ah! no, no! but I write, with the
wretched bravado of distance,
What you must read unmoved by the pity
too far for entreaty.

II.

Well, I could never have loved him, but
when he sought me and asked me, —
When to the men that offered their lives,
the love of a woman

Seemed so easy to give!— I promised the
 love that he asked me,
Sent him to war with my kiss on his lips,
 and thought him my hero.
Afterward came the doubt, and out of
 long question, self-knowledge ;
Came that great defeat, and the heart of
 the nation was withered, —
Mine leaped high with the awful relief
 won of death. But the horror,
Then, of the crime that was wrought in
 that guilty moment of rapture, —
Guilty as if my will had winged the bullet
 that struck him —
Clung to me day and night, and dreaming
 I saw him forever,
Looking through battle-smoke with sor-
 rowful eyes of upbraiding,

Or, in the moonlight lying gray, or dimly
approaching,
Holding toward me his arms, that still
held nearer and nearer,
Folded about me at last . . . and I would
I had died in the fever!—
Better then than now, and better than ever
hereafter!

III.

Weary as some illusion of fever to me
was the ocean—
Storm-swept, scourged with bitter rains, and
wandering always
Onward from sky to sky with endless pro-
cessions of surges,

Knowing not life nor death, but since the
light was, the first day,
Only enduring unrest till the darkness possess it, the last day.
Over its desolate depths we voyaged away
from all living:
All the world behind us waned into vaguest
remoteness;
Names, and faces, and scenes recurred like
that broken remembrance
Of the anterior, bodiless life of the spirit
—the trouble
Of a bewildered brain, or the touch of
the Hand that created;—
And when the ocean ceased at last like
a faded illusion,
Europe itself seemed only a vision of eld
and of sadness.

Naught but the dark in my soul remained
to me constant and real,
Growing and taking the thoughts bereft of
happier uses,
Blotting all sense of lapse from the days
that with swift iteration
Were and were not. They fable the bright
days the fleetest:
These that had nothing to give, that had
nothing to bring or to promise,
Went as one day alone. For me was no
alternation
Save from my dull despair to wild and
reckless rebellion,
When the regret for my sin was turned
to ruthless self-pity —
When I hated him whose love had made
me its victim,

Through his faith and my falsehood yet
claiming me. Then I was smitten
With so great remorse, such grief for him,
and compassion,
That, if he could have come back to
me, I had welcomed and loved him
More than man ever was loved. Alas, for
me that another
Holds his place in my heart evermore!
Alas, that I listened
When the words, whose daring lured my
spirit and lulled it,
Seemed to take my blame away with my
will of resistance!
Do not make haste to condemn me: my
will was a woman's
Fain to be broken by love: yet unto the
last I endeavored

What I could to be faithful still to the
past and my penance ;
And as we stood that night in the old
Roman garden together —
By the fountain whose passionate tears but
now had implored me
In his pleading voice — and he waited my
answer, I told him
All that had been before of delusion and
guilt, and conjured him
Not to darken his fate with me. The
costly endeavor
Only was subtler betrayal. O me, from
the pang of confession,
Sprang what strange delight, as I tore
from its lurking that horror —
Brooded upon so long — with the hope
that at last I might see it

Through his eyes, unblurred by the tears
that disordered my vision!

Oh, with what rapturous triumph I hum-
bled my spirit before him,

That he might lift me and soothe me,
and make that dreary remembrance,

All this confusèd present seem only some
sickness of fancy,

Only a morbid folly, no certain and actual
trouble!

If from that refuge I fled with words of
too feeble denial—

Bade him hate me, with sobs that en-
treated his tenderest pity,

Moved mute lips and left the meaningless
farewell unuttered—

She that never has loved, alone can wholly
condemn me.

IV.

How could he other than follow? My
heart had bidden him follow,
Nor had my lips forbidden; and Rome
yet glimmered behind me,
When my soul yearned towards his from
the sudden forlornness of absence.
Everywhere his face looked from vanishing
glimpses of faces,
Everywhere his voice reached my senses
in fugitive cadence.
Sick, through the storied cities, with wretched
hopes, and upbraidings
Of my own heart for its hopes, I went
from wonder to wonder,
Blind to them all, or only beholding them
wronged and related,

Through some trick of wayward thought,
to myself and my trouble.

Not surprise nor regret, but a fierce, pre-
cipitate gladness

Sent the blood to my throbbing heart
when I found him in Venice.

“Waiting for you,” he whispered; “you
would so.” I answered him nothing.

V.

Father, whose humor grows more silent
and ever more absent,

(Changed in all but love for me since the
death of my mother),

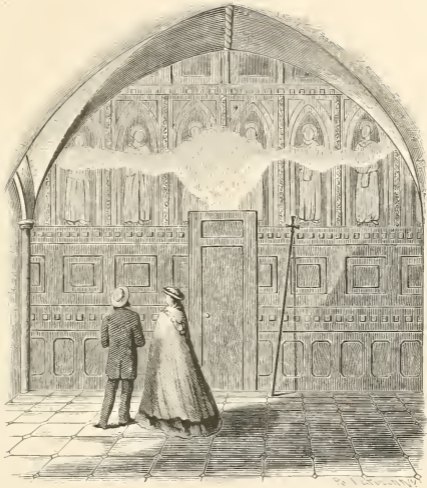
Willing to see me contented at last, and
trusting us wholly,

Left us together alone in our world of
love and of beauty.
So, by noon and by night, we two have
wandered in Venice,
Where the beautiful lives in vivid and
constant caprices,
Yet, where the charm is so perfect that
nothing fantastic surprises
More than in dreams, and one's life with
the life of the city is blended
In a luxurious calm, and the tumult with-
out and beyond it
Seems but the emptiest fable of vain as-
piration and labor.

Yes, from all that makes this Venice
sole among cities,

Peerless forever — the still lagoons that
sleep in the sunlight,
Lulled by their island-bells — the night's
mysterious waters
Lit through their shadowy depths by stems
of splendor that blossom
Into the lamps that float, like flamy lo-
tuses, over —
Narrow and secret canals, that dimly gleam-
ing and glooming
Under palace-walls and numberless arches
of bridges,
List no sound but the dip of the gon-
dolier's oar and his warning
Cried from corner to corner — the sad, su-
perb Canalazzo
Mirroring marvellous grandeur and beauty,
and dreaming of glory

Out of the empty homes of her lords
 departed — the footways
Wandering sunless between the walls of
 the houses, and stealing
Glimpses, through rusted cancelli, of lurk-
 ing greenness of gardens,
Wild-grown flowers and broken statues and
 mouldering frescoes —
Thoroughfares filled with traffic, and throngs
 ever ebbing and flowing
To and from the heart of the city, whose
 pride and devotion,
Lifting high the bells of St. Mark's like
 prayers unto heaven,
Stretch a marble embrace of palaces tow'rd
 the cathedral
Orient, gorgeous, and flushed with color
 and light, like the morning!—



From the lingering waste that is not yet
ruin in Venice,
And her phantasmal show through all of
being and doing—
Came a strange joy to us, untouched by
regret for the idle
Days without yesterdays that died into
nights without morrows.
Here, in our paradise of love we reigned,
new-created,
As in the youth of the world, in the days
before evil and conscience.
Ah! in our fair, lost world was neither
fearing nor doubting,
Neither the sickness of old remorse, nor
the gloom of foreboding,
Only the glad surrender of all individual
being

Unto him whom I loved, and in whose
tender possession,
Fate-free, my soul reposed from its an-
guish.

— Of these things I write you
As of another's experience — part of my
own they no longer
Seem to me now through the doom that
darkens the past like the future.

VI.

Golden the sunset gleamed, above the
city behind us,
Out of a city of clouds as fairy and lovely
as Venice,

While we looked at the fishing-sails of
purple and yellow
Far on the rim of the sea, whose light
and musical surges
Broke along the sands with a faint, re-
iterant sadness.
But, when the sails had darkened into
black wings, through the twilight
Sweeping away into night — past the broken
tombs of the Hebrews
Homeward we sauntered slowly, through
dew-sweet, blossomy alleys;
So drew near the boat by errant and
careless approaches,
Entered, and left with indolent pulses the
Lido behind us.

All the sunset had paled, and the cam-
panili of Venice
Rose like the masts of a mighty fleet
moored there in the water.
Lights flashed furtively to and fro through
the deepening twilight.
Massed in one thick shade lay the Gar-
dens; the numberless islands
Lay like shadows upon the lagoons. And
on us as we loitered
By their enchanted coasts, a spell of in-
effable sweetness
Fell and made us at one with them; and
silent and blissful
Shadows we seemed that drifted on through
a being of shadow,
Vague, indistinct to ourselves, unbounded
by hope or remembrance.

Yet, we knew the beautiful night as it
grew from the evening:—

Far beneath us and far above us the
vault of the heavens

Glittered and darkened; and now the moon
that had haunted the daylight

Thin and pallid, dimmed the stars with her
fulness of splendor,

And over all the lagoons fell the silvery
rain of the moonbeams

As in the chanson the young girls sang
while their gondolas passed us—

Sang in the joy of love, or youth's desire
of loving.

Balmy night of the South! Oh perfect
night of the Summer!

Night of the distant dark, of the near
and tender effulgence!—

How from my despair are thy peace and
loveliness frightened!
For, while our boat lay there at the will
of the light undulations,
Idle as if our mood imbued and controlled
it, yet ever
Seeming to bear us on athwart those
shining expanses
Out to shining seas beyond pursuit or
returning—
There, while we lingered, and lingered, and
would not break from our rapture,
Down the mirrored night another gondola
drifted
Nearer and slowly nearer our own, and
moonlighted faces
Stared. And that sweet trance grew a
rigid and dreadful possession,

Which, if no dream indeed, yet mocked
with such semblance of dreaming,
That, as it happens in dreams, when a
dear face, stooping to kiss us,
Takes, ere the lips have touched, some
malign and horrible aspect,
His face faded away, and the face of the
Dead — of that other —
Flashed on mine, and writhing, through
every change of emotion, —
Wild amaze and scorn, accusation and
pitiless mocking, —
Vanished into the swoon whose blackness
encompassed and hid me.



PHILIP — *To Bertha.*

I AM not sure, I own, that if first I
had seen my delusion
When I saw *you*, last night, I should be
so ready to give you
Now your promises back, and hold my-
self nothing above you,
That it is mine to offer a freedom you
never could ask for.
Yet, believe me, indeed, from no bitter
heart I release you:
You are as free of me now, as though
I had died in the battle,

Or as I never had lived. Nay, if it is
mine to forgive you,
Go without share of the blame that could
hardly be all upon your side.

Ghosts are not sensitive things; yet,
after my death in the papers,
Sometimes a harrowing doubt assailed this
impalpable essence:
Had I done so well to plead my cause
at that moment,
When your consent must be yielded less
to the lover than soldier?
“Not so well,” I was answered by that
ethereal conscience
Ghosts have about them, “and not so
nobly or wisely as might be.”

— Truly, I loved you, then, as now I love
you no longer.

I was a prisoner then, and this doubt
in the languor of sickness
Came; and it clung to my convalescence,
and grew to the purpose,
After my days of captivity ended, to seek
you and solve it,
And, if I haply had erred, to undo the
wrong, and release you.

Well, you have solved me the doubt.
I dare to trust that you wept me,
Just a little, at first, when you heard of
me dead in the battle?

For, we were plighted, you know, and
even in this saintly humor,

I would scarce like to believe that my
loss had merely relieved you.

Yet, I say, it was prudent and well not
to wait for my coming

Back from the dead. If it may be I
sometimes had cherished the fancy

That I had won some right to the palm
with the pang of the martyr,

Fondly intended, perhaps, some splendor
of self-abnegation —

Doubtless all that was a folly which mer-
ciful chances have spared me.

No, I am far from complaining that Cir-
cumstance coolly has ordered

Matters of tragic fate in such a common-
place fashion.

How do I know, indeed, that the easiest
isn't the best way?

Friendly adieux end this note, and our
little comedy with it.





FANNY — *To Clara.*

I.

YES, I promised to write, but how
shall I write to you, darling?

Venice we reached last Monday, wild for
canals and for color,

Palaces, prisons, lagoons, and gondolas,
bravoes, and moonlight,

All the mysterious, dreadful, beautiful
things in existence.

Fred had joined us at Naples, insuff'rably
knowing and travelled,

Wise in the prices of things and great
at tempestuous bargains,

Rich in the costly nothing our youthful
travellers buy here,
At a prodigious outlay of time and money
and trouble ;
Utter confusion of facts, and talking the
wildest of pictures,
Pyramids, battle-fields, bills, and examina-
tions of luggage,
Passports, policemen, porters, and how he
got through his tobacco —
Ignorant, handsome, full-bearded, brown,
and good-natured as ever :
Annie thinks him perfect, and I well
enough for a brother.
Also, a friend of Fred's came with us
from Naples to Venice ;
And, altogether, I think, we are rather
agreeable people,

For we've been taking our pleasure at all
times in perfect good-humor, —
Which is an excellent thing that you'll
understand when you've travelled,
Seen Recreation dead-beat and cross, and
learnt what a burden
Frescos, for instance, can be, and, in gen-
eral, what an affliction
Life is apt to become among the antiques
and old masters.

Venice we've thoroughly done, and it's
perfectly true of the pictures —
Titians and Tintoretos, and Palmas and
Paul Veroneses ;
Neither are gondolas fictions, but verities,
hearse-like and swan-like,

Quite as the heart could wish. And one
finds, to one's infinite comfort,
Venice just as unique as one's fondest
visions have made it:
Palaces and mosquitoes rise from the
water together,
And, in the city's streets, the salt-sea is
ebbing and flowing
Several inches or more.

— Ah! let me not wrong thee, O
Venice!

Fairest, forlornest, and saddest of all the
cities, and dearest!
Dear, for my heart has won here deep
peace from cruel confusion;
And in this lucent air, whose night is but
tenderer noon-day,

Fear is forever dead, and hope has put on
the immortal!

— There! and you need not laugh. I'm
coming to something directly.

One thing: I've bought you a chain of
the famous fabric of Venice —

Something peculiar and quaint, and of
such a delicate texture

That you must wear it embroidered upon
a riband of velvet,

If you would have the effect of its exqui-
site fineness and beauty.

“Isn't it very frail?” I asked of the work-
man who made it.

“Strong enough, if you will, to bind a
lover, signora,” —

With an expensive smile. 'Twas bought
near the Bridge of Rialto.

(Shylock, you know.) In our shopping,
Aunt May and Fred do the talking:
Fred begins always in French, with the
most delicious effront'ry,
Only to end in profoundest humiliation
and English.

Aunt, however, scorns to speak any tongue
but Italian:

“Quanto per these ones here?” and
“What did you say was the prezzo?”
“Ah! troppo caro! *Too much!* No, no!
Don't I *tell* you it's troppo?”

All the while insists that the gondolieri
shall show us

What she calls Titian's palazzo, and pines
for the house of Othello.

Annie, the dear little goose, believes in
Fred and her mother

With an enchanting abandon. She doesn't
at all understand them,
But she has some twilight views of their
cleverness. Father is quiet,
Now and then ventures some French when
he fancies that nobody hears him,
In an aside to the valet-de-place — I never
detect him —
Buys things for mother and me with a
quite supernatural sweetness,
Tolerates all Fred's airs, and is indispen-
sably pleasant.

II.

Prattling on of these things, which I
think cannot interest deeply,

So I hold back in my heart its dear and
wonderful secret
(Which I must tell you at last, however
I falter to tell you),
Fain to keep it all my own for a little
while longer,—
Doubting but it shall lose some part of
its strangeness and sweetness,
Shared with another, and fearful that even
you may not find it
Just the marvel that I do—and thus turn
our friendship to hatred.

Sometimes it seems to me that this
love, which I feel is eternal,
Must have begun with my life, and that
only an absence was ended

When we met and knew in our souls that
we loved one another.
For, from the first was no doubt. The
earliest hints of the passion,
Whispered to girlhood's tremulous dream,
may be mixed with misgiving,
But, when the very love comes, it bears
no vagueness of meaning ;
Touched by its truth (too fine to be felt
by the ignorant senses,
Knowing but looks and utterance), soul
unto soul makes confession,
Silence to silence speaks. And I think
that this subtile assurance,
Yet unconfirmed from without, is even
sweeter and dearer
Than the perfected bliss that comes when
the words have been spoken.

— Not that I'd have them unsaid, now!
But, 'twas delicious to ponder
All the miracle over, and clasp it, and
keep it, and hide it.
While I beheld him, you know, with
looks of indifferent languor,
Talking of other things—and felt the di-
vine contradiction
Trouble my heart below!

And yet, if no doubt touched
our passion,
Do not believe for that, our love has been
wholly unclouded.
All best things are ours when pain and
patience have won them:
Peace itself would mean nothing but for
the strife that preceded—

Triumph of love is greatest, when peril
of love has been sorest.

(That's to say, I dare say. I'm only re-
peating what *he* said.)

Well, then, of all wretched things in
the world, a mystery, Clara,
Lurked in this life dear to mine, and
hopelessly held us asunder
When we drew nearest together, and all
but his speech said, "I love you."
Fred had known him at college, and then
had found him at Naples,
After several years,—and called him a
capital fellow.
Thus far his knowledge went, and beyond
this began to run shallow

Over troubled ways, and to break into
brilliant conjecture,
Harder by far to endure than the other's
reticent absence —
Absence wherein at times he seemed to
walk like one troubled
By an uneasy dream, whose spell is not
broken with waking,
And it returns all day with a vivid and
sudden recurrence,
As a remembered event. Of the past that
was closest the present,
This we knew from himself: He went at
the earliest summons,
When the Rebellion began, and falling,
terribly wounded,
Into the enemy's hands, after ages of
sickness and prison,

Made his escape at last; and, returning,
found all his virtues
Grown out of recognition and shining in
posthumous splendor, —
Found all changed and estranged, and, he
fancied, more wonder than welcome.
So, somewhat heavy of heart, and dis-
abled for war, he had wandered
Hither to Europe for perfecter peace.
Abruptly his silence,
Full of suggestion and sadness, made here
a chasm between us.
But we spanned the chasm with conver-
sational bridges,
Else talked all around it, and feigned an
ignorance of it,
With that absurd pretence, which is always
so painful or comic,

Just as you happen to make it or see
it.

In spite of our fictions,
Severed from his by that silence, my
heart grew ever more anxious,
Till last night when together we sat in
Piazza San Marco
(Then, when the morrow must bring us
parting — forever, it might be),
Taking our ices *al fresco*. Some stroll-
ing minstrels were singing
Airs from the *Trovatore*. I noted with
painful observance,
With the unwilling minuteness, at such
times absolute torture,
All that brilliant scene, for which I cared
nothing, before me:

Dark-eyed Venetian leoni regarding the
forestieri

With those compassionate looks of gentle
and curious wonder

Home-keeping Italy's nations bend on the
voyaging races,

Taciturn, indolent, sad, as their beautiful
city itself is;

Groups of remotest English — not just the
traditional English

(Lavish Milor is no more, and your trav-
elling Briton is frugal),

English, though, after all, with the Channel
always between them,

Islanded in themselves, and the Conti-
nent's sociable races:

Country-people of ours — the New World's
confident children,

Proud of America always, and even vain
of the Troubles
As of disaster laid out on a scale unequalled
in Europe;
Polyglot Russians that spoke all languages
better than natives;
White-coated Austrian officers, anglicised
Austrian dandies,
Gorgeous Levantine figures of Greek, and
Turk, and Albanian —
These, and the throngs that moved
through the long arcades and Piazza,
Shone on by numberless lamps that flamed
round the perfect Piazza,
Jewel-like set in the splendid frame of
this beautiful picture,
Full of such motley life, and so altogether
Venetian.

Then, we rose and walked where the
lamps were blanched by the moonlight
Flooding the Piazzetta with splendor, and
throwing in shadow.

All the façade of Saint Mark's, with its
pillars, and horses, and arches;

But the sculptured frondage, that blossoms
over the arches

Into the forms of saints, was touched
with tenderest luence,

And the angel that stands on the crest
of the vast campanile,

Bathed his golden vans in the liquid light
of the moonbeams.

Black rose the granite pillars that lift the
Saint and the Lion;

Black sank the island campanili from dis-
tance to distance;

Over the charmèd scene there brooded a
presence of music,
Subtler than sound, and felt, unheard, in
the depth of the spirit.

How can I gather and show you the
airy threads of enchantment
Woven that night round my life and for-
ever wrought into my being,
As in our boat we glided away from the
glittering city?
Dull at heart I felt, and I looked at the
lights in the water,
Blurring their brilliance with tears, while
the tresses of eddying seaweed
Whirled in the ebbing tide, like the tresses
of sea-maidens drifting

Seaward from palace-haunts, in moonshine
glistened and darkened.

Sad and vague were my thoughts, and
full of fear was the silence,
And, when he turned to speak at last, I
trembled to hear him,
Feeling he now must speak of his love,
and his life and its secret,—
Now that the narrowing chances had left
but that cruel conclusion,
Else the life-long ache of a love and a
trouble unuttered.
Better, my feebleness pleaded, the dreariest
doubt that had vexed me,
Than my life left nothing, not even a
doubt to console it;

But, while I trembled and listened, his
broken words crumbled to silence,
And, as though some touch of fate had
thrilled him with warning,
Suddenly from me he turned. Our gon-
dola slipped from the shadow
Under a ship lying near, and glided into
the moonlight,
Where, in its brightest lustre, another gon-
dola rested:
I saw two lovers there, and he, in the
face of the woman,
Saw what has made him mine, my own
belovèd, forever!
Mine! — but through *what* tribulation, and
awful confusion of spirit!
Tears that I think of with smiles, and
sighs I remember with laughter,

Agonies full of absurdity, keen, ridiculous
anguish,
Ending in depths of blissful shame, and
heavenly transports!

III.

White, and estranged as a man who
has looked on a spectre, he mutely
Sank to the place at my side, nor while
we returned to the city
Uttered a word of explaining, or comment,
or comfort, but only,
With his good-night, incoherently craved
my forgiveness and patience,
Parted, and left me to spend the night
in hysterical vigils,

Tending to Annie's supreme dismay, and
postponing our journey
One day longer at least; for I went to
bed in the morning,
Firmly rejecting the pity of friends, and
the pleasures of travel,
Fixed in a dreadful purpose never to get
any better.

Later, however, I rallied, when Fred,
with a maddening prologue
Touching the cause of my sickness, in-
cluding his fever at Jaffa,
Told me that some one was waiting; and
could he see me a moment?
See me? Certainly not. Or,—yes. But
why did he want to?

So, in the dishabille of a morning-gown
and an arm-chair,
Languid, with eloquent wanness of eye
and of cheek, I received him —
Willing to touch and reproach, and half-
melted myself by my pathos,
Which, with a reprobate joy, I wholly
forgot the next instant,
As, with electric words, few, swift, and
vivid, he brought me,
Through a brief tempest of tears, to this
heaven of sunshine and sweetness.

Yes, he had looked on a ghost — the
phantom of love that was perished! —
When, last night, he beheld the scene of
which I have told you.

For to the woman he saw there, his troth
had been solemnly plighted
Ere he went to the war. His return from
the dead found her absent
In the belief of his death; and hither to
Europe he followed, —
Followed to seek her, and keep, if she
would, the promise between them,
Or, were a haunting doubt confirmed, to
break it and free her.
Then, at Naples we met, and the love
that before he was conscious,
Turned his life toward mine, laid tortur-
ing stress to the purpose
Whither it drove him forever, and whence
forever it swerved him.
How could he tell me his love, with this
terrible burden upon him?

How could he linger near me, and still
withhold the avowal?
And what ruin were that, if the other
were doubted unjustly,
And should prove fatally true! With
shame, he confessed he had faltered,
Clinging to guilty delays, and to hopes
that were bitter with treason,
Up to the eve of our parting. And then
the last anguish was spared him.
Her love for him was dead. But the
heart that leaped in his bosom
With a great, dumb throb of joy and
wonder and doubting,
Still must yield to the spell of his si-
lencing will till that phantom
Proved an actual ghost by common-place
tests of the daylight,

Such as speech with the lady's father.

And now, could I pardon —
Nay, did I think I could love him? I
sobbingly answered, I thought so.
And we are all of us going to Lago di
Como to-morrow,
With an ulterior view at the first conve-
nient Legation.

Patientest darling, good-by! Poor Fred,
whose sense of what's proper
Never was touched till now, is shocked
at my glad self-betrayals,
And I am pointed out as an awful ex-
ample to Annie,
Figuring all she must never be. But, O,
if *he* loves me! —

POSTSCRIPT.

Since, he has shown me a letter in which he absolves and forgives her (Philip, of course, not Fred. And the *other*, of course, and not Annie). Don't you think him generous, noble, unselfish, heroic?

L'ENVOY. — *Clara's Comment.*

Well, I'm glad, I am sure, if Fanny supposes she's happy. I've no doubt her lover is good and noble — as men go.

But, as regards his release of a woman
who'd wholly forgot him,
And whom he loved no longer, for one
whom he loves, and who loves him,
I don't exactly see where the *heroism*
commences.



PS
2031
N6

Howells, William Dean
No love lost

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